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African, have still carried on the trade; that undisguised and unmitigated vengeance may have fallen, and be still falling,

"The three great slave-traders, whom it has been found impossible to persuade or to restrain, are France, Spain, and Portugal. And in what circumstances are the colonies for whose peculiar support this dreadful traffic was carried on? France has totally lost St. Domingo, the finest colony in the world, and her colonial trade is now a cypher. Spain has lost all; Portugal lost all. Mexico, South America, and the Brazils, are severed from their old masters for ever. And what have been the especial calamities of the sovereigns of those countries? They have been, all three, expatriated, and the only three. Other sovereigns have suffered temporary evil under the chances of war; but France, Spain, and Portugal, have exhibited the peculiar shame of three dynasties at once in exile:—the Portuguese flying across the sea, to escape from an enemy in its capital, and hide its head in a barbarian land;—the Spanish dethroned, and sent to display its spectacle of mendicant and decrepit royalty through Europe;—and the French doubly undone!

The first effort of Louis XVIII. on his restoration, was to re-establish the slave-trade. Before twelve months were past, he was flying for his life to the protection of strangers! On the second restoration the trade was again revived. All representations of its horrors, aggravated as they are now by the lawless rapacity of the foreign traders, were received with mock acquiescence, and real scorn. And where are the Bourbons now?

"And what is the peace, or the prosperity, of the countries that have thus dipped their guilty gains in human miseries? They are three vast centres of feud and revolutionary terror;—Portugal, with an unowned monarch, reigning by the bayonet and the scaffold, with half her leading men in dungeons, with her territory itself a dungeon; and fierce retaliation and frenzied enthusiasm hovering on her frontiers, and ready to plunge into the bosom of the land. Spain, torn by faction, and at this hour watching every band that gathers on her hills, as the signs of a tempest that may sweep the land from the Pyrenees to the ocean. And France, in the first heavings of a mighty change, that man can no more define, than he can set limits to the heavings of an earthquake, or the swell and fury of a deluge. Other great objects and causes may have their share in those things. But the facts are before mankind."

We shall conclude by avowing that we have read this work with great interest and pleasure; but after all, think Mr. Croly has wasted his fine mind and great powers on what at best is but a hasty and ephemeral production. We confess we are sorry to see such a man but the scrapper up of anecdotes, and the author of a sort of literary *dejeuner à la fourchette*, who ought to have devoted his noble powers to a more sober, less satirical, more matured, and better concocted historical entertainment. But alas! who but an author knows the penalties of authorship; and who but he feels how GENIUS must bow before the GENTLEMEN of the TRADE!

Mr. Croly has given a new version of the National Anthem. We subjoin another from a Correspondent—which we presume to think might be advantageously substituted in Mr. Croly's next edition.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Look from thy throne on high,
 God of eternity,
 Hear when we sing;
 Bright be thy Spirit's glow,
 Free be thy mercy's flow
 O'er all our land—but, O!
 God save the king.

Strengthen his hand with might,
 Lighten his soul with light,
 Pure from thy spring ;
 Stablish in truth his throne,
 Make all his cares thine own,
 Holiest, Mighty One,
 King of our king.

Great God of battles, hear,
 Bow down thy might, appear !
 Guard thou our king ;
 True be thy Word of words,
 Strong be thy Sword of swords,
 Mightiest, Lord of lords—
 God save our king.

How could thy people stand,
 Lord, if thy red right hand
 Judgments should bring ?
 Hide not, O ! Lord, thy face,
 Withdraw not, Lord, thy grace,
 Hear from thy dwelling place—
 God save our king.

And when the tempest's roar
 Thunders from shore to shore,
 Spread thou thy wing ;
 Safe 'neath its shadow we,
 Fearful, but sure, shall flee,
 Looking for help to Thee—
 God of our king.

Thus with the song of praise.
 For all her brightest days,
 Let Britain ring ;
 Thus for a bounteous share
 Of thine Almighty care,
 Let Britain breathe the prayer,
 God save our king.

J. S. M.

THE LOST ONE.

" This broken tale was all we knew
 Of her he loved and him he slew."—BYRON.

It was a cold winter's night, towards the close of the memorable year of 1798—the sky was resplendent with stars, and the clear, cold beams of the unclouded moon revealed with unusual distinctness the bold outline of that lofty mountain range, which skirts the village of —, in the county of Wexford, as a remnant of the rebel army, who had that day been defeated in a severe conflict with the king's troops, sought safety by concealment in the rocks and fastnesses of that wild district—some journeying in small detached groups, others wending their weary way silently and alone, fearful of every sound that fell upon the ear, and anxiously watching every cloud that gave the hope of coming darkness and consequent secrecy. At a short distance from one of those little hillocks or mounds of earth, called *raths*, usually planted with trees, and to which the peasantry attach so much veneration, close to which lay a quarry-hole of at least one hundred feet in depth, stood a miserable hut, situated so as to be scarcely visible to the passing traveller. In this hovel, eight or ten of these hapless beings had taken refuge: they were rude-looking, able-bodied men;—and as they sat around a large fire of turf and wood, each having beside him a pike or musket, and a wooden vessel, they presented no bad idea of the period